

# THE XENIA SENTINEL.

Vol. I.

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## The Xenia Sentinel.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY  
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Advertisements of a transient character, must be paid for in advance.

Notices of Marriages and Deaths, free.

Notices in the Local Department ten cents per line.

Business Cards, five dollars per year.

### Lost—Somebody's Child.

BY THOMAS KELLER.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!

I hear the bellman ring;

And the earth is frozen hard and white,

And the wind has a chilling sting;

I know my babe is long and cold,

A tender, motherly hand

Laying a blessing on every head

After their evening prayers were said—

God keep the chattering hand!

Yet somebody's child is lost, I say,

This midnight hour, when all are fast

Unwittingly from its fold.

"Bellman, say, bellman, whose child is lost?"

And I grasp my staff and cloak;

But the finger over the cold door

Before I tardily spoke.

The neighbors soon gather, and far and near

Till, hark! an answering shout I hear—

The cover is found again.

Al! mother, good mother, your heart is light

With joy in your bosom bound;

But away a child is lost to-night

Whom I never, no, never be found.

Al! somebody's child is lost to-night!

While the stars are high and hoarse,

And the snoring ship like a bird is fraught

With slumbering in its course.

She suddenly drops in the yawning deep

As never to return;

She leaps aloft the water steep,

A-reeling from stem to stern

Held well, good bird! for a score of lives

Comprise thy conflict freight;

Kiss loving mothers, and maids, and wives

Will ever be beside.

And soft the lady, with a single call

Discovered in the water

White all the furies of the gale

Around her helpless play.

The sailor-boy, with a fearful heart,

Flies for his distant home,

And the heavy tears from his eyelids start,

And drop in the briny foam.

In the months ago a father's sigh

And a mother trembled with fears;

But that father's law had he defied,

And he would not mother's tears.

The plighted bride now mocks his grief,

And a huge and hungry crew

Boars him away beyond relief.

To the depths of an ocean grave,

The brand is blinding upon the beach,

The work of the day is done,

And the father's heart runs over the earth

In search of the wandering son.

"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—

This night so bleak and wild?"

The mother shuts her eyes to the light,

And vainly prays for her child.

The baby needles all cease their flight,

While that mother's cry, "Where is he?"

They dream down in the sea.

The mother may pray, and she may weep

Till she weep her life away,

But never more will she find the sheep

That wilfully went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!

Oh! where is he to be found?

When a single's name is called with light

When he took up

The vessel cup,

And sipped the poison from its brim.

Then in his manhood died,

And the beautiful boy

Of his mother's pride

Spilled in the sand the cup of his joy.

Instead, she quaff'd

A warm and draught,

A surely-smitten woman;

Yet loved the still,

Through every ill,

The child so sorely human.

In weakness and watching often,

Unconsciously her grief she bore,

Unhappily in shroud or coffin,

Her son lay dead before her door.

Her sorrow had come so thick and fast

That she could not find her way

Till, reason utterly overcast,

The darkness hid away her care.

Yet oftentimes she ask for one

Long gone from home, her beautiful son;

And while she chided his long delay,

She would sigh, and whisper, and pray.

That mother who sigh, and she will weep

Till she weep her life away;

But never more will she find the sheep

That wickedly went astray.

So many children are lost to-night

That I, even I, could not

As I hear the bellman's soft and light,

From the crib where Tommy's asleep,

And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds

That hang over years to come;

But utter darkness the future shrouds.

And the tongue of the seer is dumb.

So I lay them down in the bosom of grace.

The children whom God has given,

Trusting he'll bring them to see his face.

The face of our Lord in heaven.

[Written for the Sentinel]

### THROUGH MISTS.

BY JENNIE CAULFIELD.

[Continued.]

I endured this sorrow silently. I gave

assiduous attentions to my studies, and I

sometimes was quite reconciled and proud.

But there were moments, the swift little

bright-winged moments, of memory that

rush in upon us, taking us all unawares,

and painting vividly their pictures, that

however they may belong to the past now,

we love them because that they once be-

longed to us; it may be a lifetime of sar-

vice that were made for us; and perhaps

a mere word, idly spoken, a loving smile,

a wordless act, it matters not. Do you

know that exquisite little poem, "Even

Me," was an unwritten memento in the hearts

of numbers before its gifted author worded

it so happily, and the quickening truth of

genius made it a sweetly flowing melody?

Well, strive as I would, some remembrance

of kindness he had performed would come

back from the dead past and touch me,

and I was always contrasting other friend-

ships, and sensible of a lack in the ex-

pressed good will of others.

When Clara received letters with a fore-

ign post-mark, my heart thrilled so, and

my eyes ached to rest for a moment upon

the words her devoted. But we were

mutually silent respecting their contents.

I was true to the very letter of my prom-

ise to my mother. This was hard at first,

but, in time, it became quite easy; custom

can soften down the hardest difficulty.

New faces, new friends, different surround-

ings and various necessary occupations,

effected forgetfulness.

Commencement broke in upon us. We

were rather frightened that it had surely

come—yes, that it had come; for we did

not seem to have advanced toward it, step

by step. Then I had been elected to read

and my mother, prostrated by extreme

torture and nervous tension, sank into a

sweet slumber. I sat alone. I would not

permit strangers to watch with me. I felt

then, more than I had ever before, that we

were alone—we were apart from all with

whom we mingled. I was so sadly sensi-

ble of our having no claim—that is, no

rightful claim—upon the kindness of those

who surrounded me, and the love of

strangers was a cultivated sympathy, a

love kindred to pity. No, I could not

take it as such, and I wrapped me in my

cheerless isolation, and crushed the yearn-

ing in my woman's heart. I felt, too,

that I would need assistance, for the mis-

flattering hopes could not deceive me. I

had watched my mother's failing health

too long, and her cough had come with the

falling of the leaf for the past two years

—such a terrible warning to me. I was

the only voice that spoke of her suffering

—she never complained. And her face

had worn a new expression that others who

loved her and myself had seen, but would

not acknowledge it even to ourselves; it

was as though each day she had, in coming

closer to the white throne, caught some-

thing of the glory of the presence, and

that in approaching the portal of the

"perfect day," its light had fallen upon

her countenance.

I was afraid that even my love could

not render me capable of the proper care

she would need, and had obtained the

promise of purchased assistance in the

morning. It made me feel sorrowful

new to feel this was my only right.

I said to myself over, and over, as a child

cons her lesson, and as my mother slept

tranquilly, I persisted in being left alone,

and their kind hearts most reluctantly

gratified—I was going to say my wish,

but looking back through the dim vista of

years, perhaps because of the distance,

perhaps because of a brighter experience

in sincere friendship, I substitute the

word—pride. It was quite late now.

The night was sultry, not a breath of air

seemed to stir the curtains of the window

at which I sat. I leaned out to look down

the forsaken street. The few and solitary

pedestrians always went by. I can not

account for my expecting some one, but I

did. I was continually looking out into

the night, and waiting for the swift foot

to stop suddenly, and I was always dis-

appointed. And whom I looked for, or

why, remains as great a mystery to me at

the present time. Ever and anon I caught

the distant music of the band playing in

the grounds of the college building, and

it was a weird sound that surely was not

part of the night's music, and which

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from me, and hastened to lift her. She

sank back in my arms insensible, and

blood oozed through her clammy lips.

She had ruptured a blood vessel. I can

not tell you what time elapsed before her

death, but she never spoke to me again—

only what her pleading eyes expressed, a

love that even in death was deathless.

And the mystery that had been in my life

could never be made known to me. The

knowledge came to me like a dull pain,